

Santa Fe New Mexican

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The New Mexican is the oldest newspaper in New Mexico. It is sent to every Postoffice in the Territory and has a large and growing circulation among the intelligent and progressive people of the southwest.

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MONDAY, NOVEMBER 14.

New Mexico to the front for the next two years. The people have declared for prosperity and progress, the development of the natural resources and the settlement of the territory.

The Democratic papers of the territory have lost their jaunty and cocksure air since last Tuesday. Their calculations were based upon the supposed ignorance of the people, and there it was where they made the mistake of their careers.

The result of the election over the country may not be an endorsement of the administration and the conduct of the war, but it certainly demonstrated the ability of the yellow journals to influence the votes of the people is not as great as these papers would like.

San Miguel county has been relieved of a gang of speculators in county warrants and scrip, and the coming two years will see a marvelous change for the better in the financial condition of that county. "The elephant" has been dumped overboard and the tax payers will now receive some return for their money.

Reports come from New York to the effect that the election of Colonel Roosevelt has made trouble in the camp of the hosts of Tammany, and that Boss Croker is to be unceremoniously and effectively "fired." Boss Croker has seen his day of power fade away and some new man is being looked for to take the place once filled by Boss Tweed.

Those great gains made by the Democratic party throughout the country, as announced by the organs of that party the morning after election, seem to have been no more substantial than "castles in the air." The American people have not forgotten their experiences during the years from 1892 to 1897.

Bleeding Kansas refuses to longer bleed, and the sockless statesmen and calamity howlers of the Sunflower state have been retired. Kansas is all right; all that was needed was a little time for cranks and isms, that have made their homes in that state for years past, to show what they could really accomplish when placed in power.

The members of the Union party in San Miguel county are deeply grieved over the ingratitude of the dear people, but they will know more in the future. Deception and intrigue are successful until exposed, but when exposed, react with overpowering force. The New Mexican made the exposure that caused the downfall of the Union party and its speculating ring in San Miguel county.

According to reports from New York the country wing of the Republican party in that state "has it in" for the brewers for their working solidly for the Tammany ticket. A \$4,000 tax for each brewery per annum is proposed, and things will be made interesting further for the saloon owners of Greater New York. Moreover, it is intimated that action will be taken at Albany this winter providing for another Lexow investigation of the greater town, and altogether Tammany is to be made to realize in many ways that it does not rule New York state.

Now that the country has been saved again, every person in New Mexico should go to work to bring the numerous opportunities for profitable investments offered by the territory to the attention of eastern and northern capitalists, and all strive to advance the interests of the mines, lands, sheep and cattle industries. New Mexico is entering upon an era of growth and prosperity unprecedented in the history of the southwest and the aid that can be rendered by persons having acquaintances in the east, will aid materially in bringing the territory to the front as a section of the United States rich in natural resources undeveloped.

The Republicans of Las Vegas and San Miguel county will celebrate this evening the greatest Republican victory they have achieved in 25 years. The official count will show that the Republicans elected their candidate for delegate by about 2,400 and carried 10 members of the council out of 12, and 20 members of the house out of 24. It is but right the Republicans of San Miguel county should celebrate specially, for in addition to helping towards a magnificent territorial victory, they defeated the worst gang of corruptionists and law breakers, namely, the officials, put in power by the Union party and its bosses and their allies, that has cursed any county in this territory since it became part of the United States. They are entitled to rejoice.

Now the Result in San Miguel County Was Brought About.

During the recent campaign the first successful assault on the Union party and its officials in San Miguel county was made by the New Mexican in the publication of the result of its inves-

tigations in the corrupt, dishonest and law breaking conduct of the officials of that county, by its officers, during the present term. No defense was made by the Union party gang, the only answer to the exposure was personal abuse, villainous fabrications and libelous slanders against the editor of this paper. The New Mexican kept up this good work daily for four months and thousands of copies of its English and Spanish editions were sent into San Miguel county to arouse the voters.

The second successful assault was made by the Republicans of the county in nominating a strong and popular ticket.

The third successful assault was made on election day, when the Republicans presented a solid front, and despite the fact that the Union party corruptionists were in power, had charge of the registration and election machinery of the county, and spent many thousands of dollars to keep themselves in office, partly to claim a vindication and partly to continue their dishonest and law breaking acts, the Republicans were successful and elected their candidates by, under the circumstances, very gratifying majorities.

This is a lesson which should be heeded by corruptionists and boodle officials all over this territory. What has been done in San Miguel county will be done in other counties of the territory, if necessary.

The New Mexican can always be counted upon to do its share and more than its share of good work for the people of the territory and for the good name and fair fame of New Mexico.

Spain Still Hoping.

The action of the Spanish members of the peace commission in Paris, in delaying definite action of that body in arranging terms of peace between Spain and the United States, is not without its significance. There is no longer any question concerning Spain's hopes of future results in delaying the conclusion of the work of the commission. The government at Madrid is still expecting the materialization of the much-talked-of European interference in its behalf and a consequent power, as is hoped, to conclude peace on its own terms.

The rumor sent from Paris only a few days ago that the commissioners from Spain would break off further negotiations and offer to submit the differences of the two countries to Emperor William for arbitration, indicates that Spain imagines that a friend has been found in the eccentric ruler of Germany, and the proposed visit of the Kaiser to the Iberian peninsula is hailed by the Spanish as meaning that America cannot demand the surrender of the Philippines with impunity. That Spain is willing to surrender those islands upon the payment of many millions of dollars by the United States, there is no question. Spain is in need of ready money badly; the Philippines are as much lost to that country as in Cuba, but if a large sum of money can be extorted for their surrender, so much the better. That seems to be about the situation, as viewed by the Spaniards, and they are postponing the conclusion of the treaty of peace in order to bring about such a result, if it is possible.

If the emperor of Germany has any idea of attempting to interfere in this matter, he is unusually blind to the trend of events political in Europe as well as America. In the lord mayor's procession, which took place in London last week, the people of that city went wild over a float which had considerable bearing upon the question of any interference by European powers between the United States and Spain. The float mentioned represented a union of Great Britain and the United States in friendly relations, and its significance was not lost upon the representatives of the powers of the world, unless Germany failed to take the hint.

So far as the people of this country are concerned, they have been awakened to a full realization of their strength as a nation, and they will brook no interference in matters which they consider concern no one but themselves, and they view the settlement of peace between the United States and Spain in that light. The Americans consider that the time has come to drive Spain and her cruelties from every part of the globe except in the peninsula which Isabella and Ferdinand ruled, and any power which opposes them in carrying out what they consider their duty, in the name of humanity, will undertake the biggest job in the history of the world. With her unlimited resources, intelligent and brave soldiers, and a patriotic people, the United States will defend her right in the matter with a determination that will bring defeat, if not ruin, to the meddling government which interferes concerning any of the islands which have been taken or demanded from Spain.

Emperor William has announced that his visit to Spain is one of recreation and pleasure, that there is nothing significant, politically, attached to it, and if he is wise he will adhere to that announcement.

PRESS COMMENTS.

M. W. MILLS FOR PEREA. (Springer Stockman.)

M. W. Mills had four outfits busy all day Tuesday hauling voters to the polls. He was a persistent and untiring worker for Perea for delegate to congress, believing that every vote he could possibly rustle was needed for his man. This is the first instance in years where Mr. Mills has taken any active part in politics, and he was indeed active from the opening to the closing of the polls.

DID GREAT WORK. (Socorro Chieftain.)

John S. Clark, chairman, and Max. Frost, secretary of the Republican territorial central committee, did great work in the campaign just closed.

AN ENDORSEMENT OF WHICH GOVERNOR OTERO SHOULD BE PROUD. (San Marcial Bee.)

The election of Pedro Perea and a satisfactory working majority in both houses of the territorial legislature, as well as the bulk of the officials in all the large counties by the Republicans, is an endorsement of Governor Otero's administration, and a verdict of approval of the benefits accruing to New Mexico from the working of the Dingley tariff, that speaks volumes for the intelligence of the voters. We congratulate the Spanish-Americans of the territory.

SAN MIGUEL SHOULD REJOICE. (Albuquerque Citizen.)

Certainly, the people of San Miguel county have reason to rejoice over the downfall of the white cap gang which has ruled that county for several years. Next Monday night they will hold a big meeting at Las Vegas, and rejoice and be glad over the great Republican victory.

GOOD FOR SANTA FE COUNTY. (Albuquerque Citizen.)

Santa Fe county made a gain of 500 Republican votes in the past two years, and can have the capital and any other old thing she wants.

NEW MEXICO'S NEXT ASSEMBLY. (Socorro Chieftain.)

New Mexico's legislature this winter will have as members some of the brainiest and best known men in the territory. Among them are such men as Hon. T. B. Catron, J. A. Ancheta, J. Francisco Chavez, Thomas Hughes, Thomas Burns, W. H. H. Llewellyn, Max Luna, Thomas Finical and a number of others whose names are familiar to the people of the entire territory.

NEXT DELEGATE. (Albuquerque Citizen.)

Hon. Pedro Perea, who was elected to represent New Mexico in congress for the next two years, was a welcome caller at this office this morning, having arrived from his Bernalillo home last night.

He said: "I was so confident of my election, knowing that my candidacy was in the hands of men who had the welfare and interests of New Mexico at heart, that I remained during election day on my ranch."

"Now that I am elected," continued Delegate-elect Perea, "the territory of New Mexico will be heard from at Washington, and the interests of the people at large will be carefully guarded."

DECLINED WITH THANKS. (San Marcial Bee.)

John S. Clark, chairman, and Colonel Max. Frost, secretary, of the Republican central committee, are entitled to the honor of being the first two United States senators from New Mexico, for the good work performed by them in the campaign just closed.

NO IMPEDIMENT TO NEW MEXICO'S ONWARD MARCH. (San Marcial Bee.)

The necessity of patching up Ferguson's bill to give our educational institutions the immediate use of a portion of the public domain by it conveyed to them has, we believe, disappeared. Last Tuesday the voters made it possible for New Mexico to gracefully ask for statehood. Her supplication will be honored, and quite speedily. Property will rise in value, more sensible laws will be enacted, our educational facilities will broaden out, our population will be largely augmented, and activity will take the place of partial idleness. While casting their ballots last Tuesday, the voters had all this in mind. Government as an art is not above the attainment of the average New Mexican, as the near future will show.

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How the Result in San Miguel County Was Brought About.

During the recent campaign the first successful assault on the Union party and its officials in San Miguel county was made by the New Mexican in the publication of the result of its inves-

WAS AN OSTEOPATHIST.

But One Subject Proved Too Much For Him.

"Are you the doctor that makes new bones grow?" asked a man who had waited a long time in the outside office of a leading physician.

"I am an osteopathist," said the doctor, "if that is what you mean."

"I practice osteopathy—the manipulating and mending of broken bones," "Kerret. I guess I've had as many bones broken as the next man, and if you can fix me up good as new I'll be much obliged and pay the bill hansom like-wise."

"All right," said the doctor as he led the way into his private office, "Just sit down in that chair and relax."

"How?"

"Let your muscles loose. Don't try to keep together. Now go back to your early fancy and tell me every accident that ever happened to you and what result followed."

"Sho! Fast accident that took me was falling out of bed before I was a year old."

"What was the result?"

"Why, it proved to the folks that I wasn't a fool. 'T'ho' a youngster tumbles out of bed or down stairs before his first year is up he ain't considered bright. I did both—yes, by jimmies cricky, I did."

"And your next accident?" suggested the doctor.

"There ain't no next. There was just one continued chapter from that on. I broke four ribs trying to fly and dished my collar bone at the same time. When I end ride the colt to water, he ran off and gave me this Roamin nose—ha, ha—and the first time I drove him to harness he kicked over the dasher, and that's when I lost my front teeth. I've had both legs broken and one arm in three places. This 'ere hole in my shoulder ain't from a bullet—it's where our old cow hooked me for a half day. This bone in my left wrist got mashed in a separator, and four of my fingers was wrenched at the same time. My elbows—"

"Stop!" shouted the doctor, rising hurriedly and handing the broken up man his hat. "You've mistaken the place. You want to go to the anatomical museum on the next street and have your skeleton articulated. Good day, sir."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Looking Into the Future.

"I guess I might as well quit school, papa," said the boy.

"Why, my son?"

"Oh, there ain't any use going, except to be able to help my little boy when I grow up, and if they have changed the way of doing things since you were a boy so that you can't help me now it's likely I'm just wasting my time getting ready to help my little boy."

He got the help he wanted, but it was a good thing he didn't hear what his father had to say about now fangled schoolbooks after he had gone to bed.—Chicago Post.

Good Criticism.

"What's your new piece like?"

"D'now yet, m'dear. If the audience weep, I shall call it a drama; if they laugh, I shall advertise it as a farical comedy."—Pick Me Up.

Only One of the Kind.

"Most remarkable case!"

"In what way?"

"Why, in spite of the fact that he has attained fame and the story of his life has been written several hundred times, he was not the worst boy in his class at school, and neither was he the best. I don't know that I ever heard of a similar case."—Chicago Post.

Dialect.

Hattie—Then we went to Scotland. It is perfectly wonderful the way they talk the dialect.

Uncle George—Why wonderful?

Hattie—I should think they'd forget now and then and drop into English. I often do when I'm reciting Burns or playing golf.—Boston Transcript.

The New Idea.

Mrs. Gadd—Did you ever! Mrs. Newed has had her bridal slippers silver plated.

Mrs. Gabb—Land sakes! I'm glad there wasn't any such silly fashion when I was married.

Little Johnny (moving uneasily)—So'm I.—New York Weekly.

Easily Supplied.

"I couldn't get but one photograph of that 'before and after' taking young man."

"Which one did you get?"

"The 'before.'"

"Oh, well, use that stock picture of Sandow for the 'after.'"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Stamped.

"It is our purpose to stamp out the yellow fever in Cuba, is it not?" she asked.

"It is," he replied.

"And when it is done ought we to refer to it as an internal revenue or a postage stamp?"—Chicago Post.

Letter List.

List of letters remaining uncalled for in the postoffice at Santa Fe, N. M., for the week ending Nov. 12, 1898. If not called for within two weeks, will be sent to the dead letter office at Washington:

Brown, H. S. Madama, C. R. Purgan, W. T. Martinez, Nicolas Rogers, Geo. W. Pino, Juana Ortiz de Gonzalez, Pilar Giverson, Pettine (grigio), Pablo Simeros, Victoriano Hart, Frank Valencia, Felipe Hernandez, Manuel Walker, Mrs. Will

In calling please say advertised and give the date.

SIMON NUSBAUM, Postmaster.

THE FANS DID MOVE.

BUT NOT WITH ANY GREAT DEGREE OF REGULARITY.

Whereas the Barber's Customers Were Much Annoyed Until They Discovered That the Motor Was an Experimental One Not Yet Patented.

There was an up town barber shop that boasted a couple of ventilating fans. The barber was proud of them, and well he might be, because his was the only shop in the neighborhood that had luxuries of this description. They were rigged on a light iron rod that stretched across the ceiling and went through the back partition. There was a dim impression among the customers that the barber either had a pocket motor in the back room or borrowed his power from a neighboring factory.

There was a boy connected with the shop, a somewhat sluggish boy, who seemed to spend a good deal of his time in the rear room. When the boy went back, the fans would start up, and when the boy was called into the big room the fans stopped.

"Hang it all," the barber would say, "that darned motor is out of order again! Go back as soon as you can, Jimmy, and oil it up."

And Jimmy would go back, and presently the fans would start up again.

When a customer looked around and said, "Where's that blamed kid? I want my shoes shined," Jimmy would bound into the room on the jump, and the fans would give a feeble whirl or two and stop short.

Once, when Jimmy was sick, the fans didn't run for three whole days, and it was mighty hot weather too.

"Getting the motor tinkered up," explained the barber to the sweltering patrons.

But early one evening there was a grand "exposy" performance in that little back room. The chairs in the operating department, three in number, were full, and five "nexts" waited in a row along the wall. Suddenly a dismal hi-king was heard from the alley in the rear. It grew in volume, it increased in shrillness. The fans wavered, slacked their speed, and dropped again. Wilder grew the canine owner. The fans stopped short, there was a heavy thump in the back room and a wild scramble, and a boy's shrill voice was added to the awful medley.

The barber ran back, followed by his assistants, while the "nexts" and the half shaved ones brought up the rear.

There was a dogfight going on in the alley. The boy had hold of one dog by the tail and was wildly shrieking and prancing and yanking.

"Kick that cur!" he yelled. "I ain't agoin to have my dog chewed up by no bow legged mongrel. Kick him, won't you?"

Somebody obliged the boy, and the youngster hastily gathered up his injured pet.

"What was your blame dog doing down here?" somewhat savagely inquired the barber.

"I was goin to fix up some kind o' way for him to run them darn fans," suddenly replied the boy as he critically examined the dog's right ear.

Then everybody looked around and saw the iron wheel and the belt that connected with the shafting and the handle and the stool the boy sat on while he turned and turned.

And everybody grinned.

"Let's adjourn to the next room, gentlemen," said the blushing barber.

And a moment later the fans were again merrily revolving.

Whereat everybody laughed again.

"That's a cheap and handy motor of yours," said the fat man in the first chair, "but it ain't what I call strictly reliable."

"Mebbe not," said the barber shortly.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Theorists.

Mrs. Younglove—These women who write about "How Husbands Should Be Managed"—do you suppose they manage their husbands any better than we do?

Mrs. Elders—Do I? Why, pshaw, child! Don't you know they haven't any husbands?—Brooklyn Life.

Then He Melted Away.

"I have a very warm spot in my heart for you, Miss Beach," said Oholy to the fair one on a day when the mercury was close to the 100 mark.

"I'm not looking for those kind of spots just now," replied the damsel, fanning her face with a hatpin.—Yonkers Statesman.

As Revised.

Teacher—Tommy, into how many classes is the human race divided?

Tommy—Five.

Teacher—What are they?

Tommy—Enlightened, civilized, half civilized, savage and Spaniards.—Chicago News.

One Good Reason.

"I wonder why it is that old violins are more valuable than others?" said Queries.

"I don't know," replied Anders, "unless they have got out of order so nobody can play on them."—Metropolitan.

All She Needed Was Time.

"I just saw Miss Croesus go into the conservatory with that foreign nobleman. Are they engaged?"

"Oh, I hardly think so as yet. Give her 15 minutes more."—Chicago Post.

Peace Hath Its Terrors.

The Optimist—The best feature of the war was the shortness of its duration.

The Pessimist—And the worst feature the duration of its short ration.—Town Topics.

The Reason.

"I wonder why the leaves blush rose before they fall."

"Perhaps it is because they are no longer green."—Indianapolis Journal.

He Was Slandered.

Edith—They are telling some strange stories about young Mr. Weasle.

May—Yes; but I can scarcely credit them, for he plays golf divinely.

—North American.

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